The Sketch

No. 2604—Vol. CCI. WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1944 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

LADY LOTHIAN AND HER BABY GIRL.

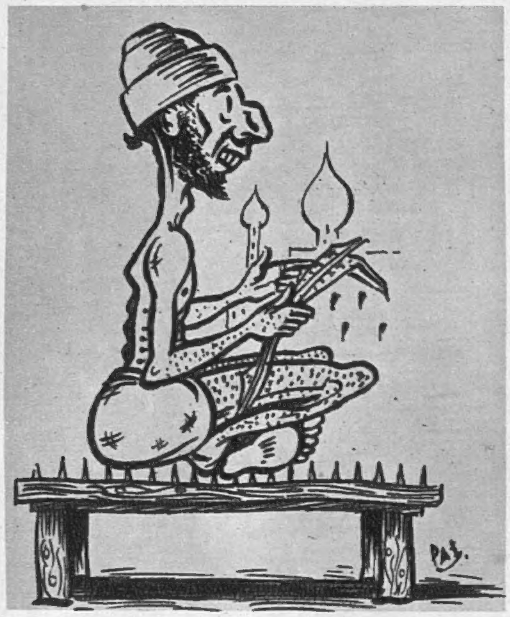
THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN *is the twenty-two-year-old wife of the 12th Marquess of Lothian, Scots Guards. She is posed with her baby daughter,* LADY MARY KERR, *who was born on March 20, 1944. She was Miss Antonella Newland, and is the daughter of Major-General Sir Foster Newland, K.C.M.G., C.B., and of Mrs. William Carr, of Ditchingham Hall, Norfolk. Her marriage took place in 1943.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Ships that Pass in the Night.

If it is of any interest to the Führer, I will tell him without further ado that I am allergic to Doodlebugs. He prefers to call them Dynamite Meteors, while others favour Pilotless 'Planes (which I cannot get round my tongue, and which I always read as "Pitiless 'Planes"); but I think the genius of the R.A.F. for unbasic English has found the best name for them. However, call them what you will — and one could think of a lot of affectionate nicknames — I remain definitely allergic to them. Give me the choice between a Doodlebug and a stick of candy and I would choose the candy every time. So much I grant, though reluctantly, to the Revenge weapon. If I should chance to meet it at close quarters, my opinion may not be of much interest; but until that happens, I would suggest to Adolf that if he thinks he can turn back the tide of war by shooting Doodlebugs at it, he is in no better case than King Canute, who is generally considered a poor strategist.



"This rationing business in England must be pretty bad—fancy having to live on points all the time!"

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

Frankenstein and All That.

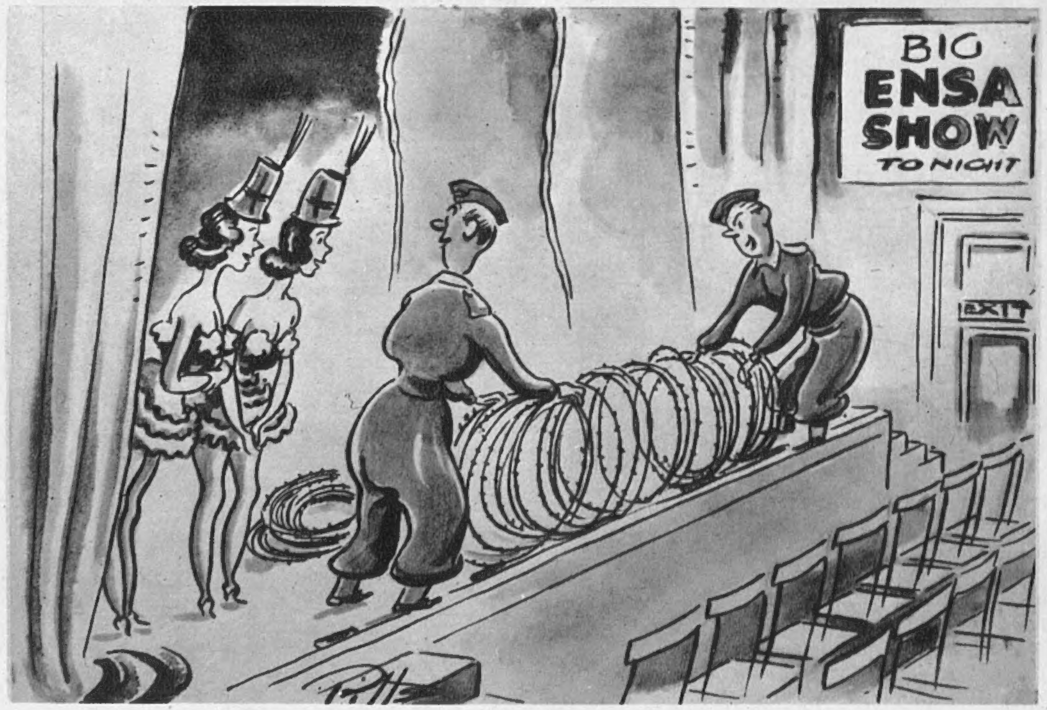
I am not so much concerned (allergic though I am) with Doodlebugs in this war as in the next, though I hope I shall not see it. I must confess that this infernal machine seems to open up a new chapter in war on which I do not love to dwell. I have a picture in my mind of all the capitals of the world, in a state of "peace," with super-Doodlebugs trained on all the other capitals of the world, just as a "defensive measure." Some may think that that is the way in which peace, perfect peace, will be attained; but I am afraid that there will always be some fool who will poop off one Doodlebug, and then, so to speak, the fire will be in the fat. War by remote control—man destroyed by the manless machine—Frankenstein, Moloch and Sons; no, I do not think it adds to the glories of the Brave New World. Already I am reading articles about rockets shooting us up to the moon—another one up to Jules Verne! Perhaps the moon will be a popular part of the B.N.W. I am not applying for a passage, as I think on the whole I prefer even the English climate; but another planet, hot or cold, might not be a bad place for the War Criminals. They worship Mars; well, let them go there.

The Ice Age.

There is no suggestion, as yet, that there should be a passenger service to New York by rocket, but we are getting on that way. The latest giant 'plane (with a wing-span twice that of the Flying Fortress) designed at Fort Worth, Texas, offers accommodation for four hundred passengers—rather more, and, I imagine, with somewhat more amenities, than the rocket yet claims. Size, as well as speed, is the god of science at present. I have been reading about the new giant refrigerator which is rapidly becoming a standard fitment in U.S.A. It will hold about 250 lb. of every kind of food, including (if you can imagine such a thing) whole sheep and sides of beef; and the commissariat will keep for 6 months and come out full of young life and nourishing vitamins. If you cannot afford a mammoth ice-box of your own, you can rent a compartment in a sort of glacial safe deposit. Thus we return to the Ice Age. Well, why not? What squirrels and wasps can do, we highly intelligent creatures ought to be able to do.

"My son is taking terrible risks in one of those underground organisations somewhere in the Rhondda Valley!"

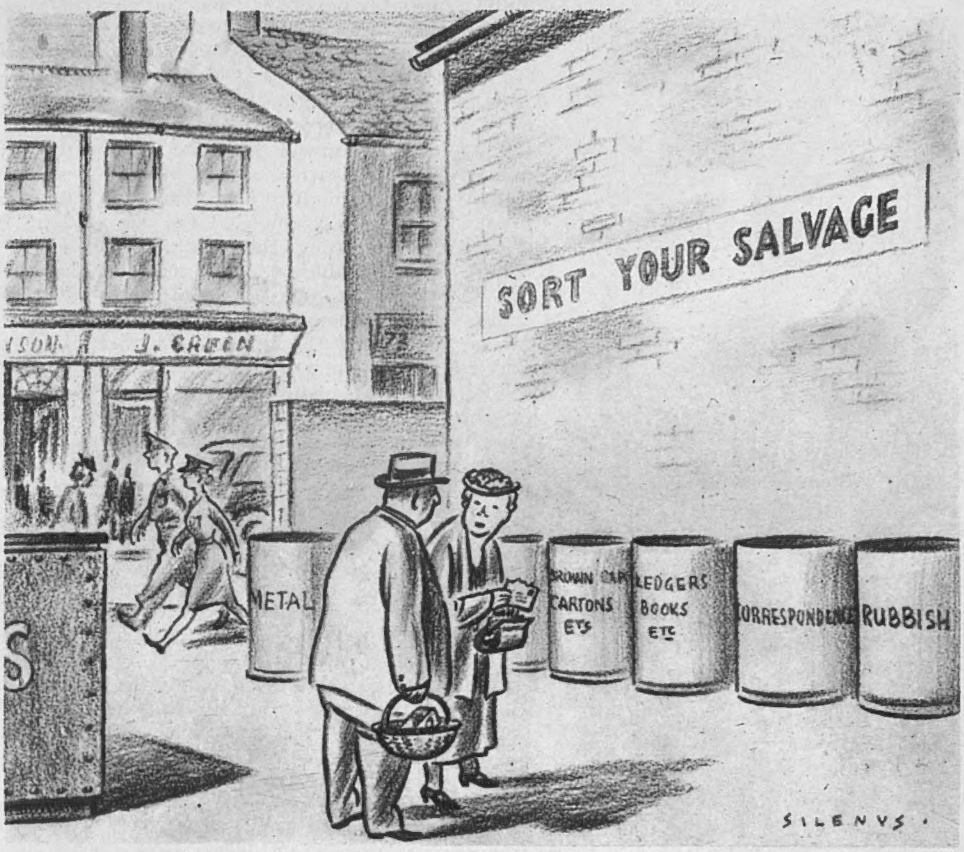
DRAWN BY STYX.



"The wire is just precaution. The troops round here haven't seen a woman for months!"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

SALVAGE ALL YOUR OLD LETTERS—FOR VICTORY



"Shall I put Emily's letter with the Correspondence or the Rubbish ?"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Brain Work. That is assuming, of course, that we *are* intelligent. One of the most unintelligent things about us is that we understand so little about our own intelligences. Doodlebugs, yes; but this remarkable machine inside our own craniums—no, that is too difficult! When you have a headache, what is it that is aching? I am informed by experts that nobody really knows. But anybody—you or I or the most virtuous among us—may find himself under the Lie Detector, or Keeler Polygraph, which is said to have treated 60,000 cases "with success," and which is also said to have "an uncanny power to penetrate guilty secrets." I cannot think that this invention really adds to the sum of human happiness. It is no use telling it that you haven't any guilty secrets, because then it registers such an outsize lie that the machine nearly bursts.

Some People Have All the Luck. It would be interesting to introduce the Lie Detector into a poker-game, for it would certainly cast fresh light on a pastime which a jury has now found to consist more of chance than of skill. It is not for me to question the wisdom of a jury, but I cannot help wondering how many of them have ever played real poker. I think they ought to have had a demonstration game in Court (at the expense of the Exchequer) with some of the poker artists whom I have met in various parts of the world. To me, the most bitter part of poker is that whenever I have held a full house, nobody would bet against me, and the people who gathered in the spoils seemed to be those who never held more than a couple of pairs. If that isn't skill—or, at least, low cunning—I don't know what is; anyhow, it is skilful enough to have compelled me, for one, to retire hurt long ago.

The New Geography. Studying the map day by day, as I conscientiously try to do, I sympathise with a movement, which I see is afoot, for the development of "human geography." Eastern geography I find distinctly unhuman, and I am becoming gravely confused about Minsk, Pinsk and Dvinsk. As for the Pacific, I don't think it fair of it to have quite so many islands that nobody has ever heard of. When I read that human geography "includes the study of economic, social and political problems," I seem to see in it a fairly wide field for research in the post-war world, which seems unnecessary when it is already complicated enough in the war world. One is always getting surprises in this branch of learning, and I have recently discovered one interesting fact about the economic geography of Normandy. There are still Camembert cheeses there. Some of them have even found their way over here.

La France Eternelle. I find this very comforting, even if I cannot get hold of a Camembert myself—and I don't know of any way of doing so, short of leading a Camembert Commando. Munching, with a brave smile, the dreary, insipid substance which in wartime we have to accept as cheese, I have often wondered whether I should ever again set eyes or teeth on a segment of ripe Camembert or Pont l'Evêque (and that's another name in the news) or Brie or Roquefort. There was a gnawing fear that all these noble works of man would be produced synthetically at Model Dairy Farms from the prescription of the Ministry of Agriculture. Roll on, Liberation, say I, and bring us back Free Camembert and Fighting Roquefort! I don't see why we shouldn't have a little Co-Belligerent Gorgonzola too. It moves me not that I am promised more sardines by a benevolent Government. I do not despise sardines, but anybody can have all my sardine coupons in exchange for one Camembert.

Better Bitter. Those who are somewhat coarser in their tastes are not bothering about cheese, but are shouting for more and better beer. If the district in which I live is at all typical, the drought of malt liquors is amounting to a national

[*Continued overleaf.*

"What *is* the local rule, Major?"

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

"I 've put in a couple of rows of earlies, but all the rest are delayed action."

DRAWN BY S. BRETTELL.

Continued.]

crisis. It is a melancholy thing, almost unprecedented in our history, to see the brutal notice "No Beer" exhibited at one house of call after another. The brewers are doing their best, and are actually pouring out more beer than ever before; but still the thirsty multitude cry for more, and the brewers' answer is that they cannot produce more beer without more barley. The Pussyfoots, on the other hand, claim that beer already contains too much barley, which would be better employed in feeding fowls. Better a well-nourished hen, they assert, than a quiet pint with your pal; and this appalling sentiment has even been uttered in the House of Commons. So the battle rages, and the Minister of Food, regrettably unable to produce barley out of a hat, rides the storm as best he may. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must deeply regret his colleague's inability to oblige.

The Ivory Castles.

Little hardships like these, however, may be blessings in disguise. We have done better in this war than in the last in the matter of sweets and lollypops, but we have not succeeded, and we probably never shall succeed, in satisfying the juvenile appetite for them. But now the experts are telling us that the young addict who craves in vain for Bull's Eyes, Stickjaw and All-Day Suckers ought to be thankful to the nice, kind war, because it is so much better for his teeth to be without what are contemptuously called "cheap sweets." When I recollect the anxious thought, and the considerable financial acumen, which, long, long ago I devoted to obtaining the maximum of tooth-toxin for a nimble penny (and it was surprising what the quantity could be), all this false scientific comfort seems to me rather callous. I admit the importance of the Ivory Castles, and I cannot honestly approve of the school of dental science in which I was brought up—namely, that you went to the dentist when you had a toothache, and you generally came away minus the tooth. But if "cheap sweets" are to be eliminated from childhood, then I call it oppression of the young and helpless.

Cats and Rats. Even the lower animals cannot remain unaffected by the war, and strange things have been happening among them lately. Rats have been getting so far above themselves that we now have in Whitehall a Directorate of Infestation Control, and I should not be surprised if we soon had a Ministry of Pestology. On the other hand, cats are suffering grave hardships. It is partly their own fault, because, to judge by my own cat, nothing will reconcile them to war diet, and no class of the community is less co-operative in the war effort. But it is a little hard on cats that they should be kidnapped and turned into furs for plutocratic munition-workers. It is said that they go in peril of their lives, and I am glad to see that Our Dumb Friends League has taken up the cudgels for animals which deserve a better fate.

This selection of R.A.F. STAFF OFFICERS *at the H.Q. of a certain Command includes representatives from branches of day and night operations, intelligence, and intruder activities.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

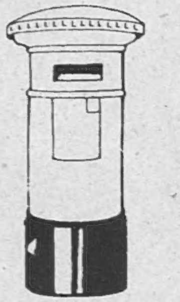
The ninety-third of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of* "The Sketch" *is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"GAD, SIR! I WISH YOU WOULDN'T CHATTER ABOUT MONTGOMERY'S LEFT HOOK WHEN I'M DRIVING!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Mrs. Savernack came in a few days ago and said they were going to start a Make and Mend Class to be held in the Church Hall every Tuesday afternoon. " You 'll come, of course," she said, in the manner of Marshal Stalin issuing an order to the Red Army.

" I don't think so," I said.

" In your position as a Doctor's Wife you ought to put in an appearance," she said. Whenever Mrs. Savernack wants me to do something really disagreeable, she says: " In your position as a Doctor's Wife," and my heart sank.

" I 've got plenty of Making and Mending to do without dragging it all down to the Church Hall."

" Now, Henrietta, don't be an Isolationist."

" I 'm not. At least, I don't think I am. But honestly, Mrs. Savernack, I 've been Making and Mending for years——"

" That 's just it," said Mrs. Savernack, slapping her knee. " You 've always had to make do with things, but some people are having to cope with it for the first time in their lives. There was a charming woman from the Hotel last week who didn't know how to sew on a button—literally."

" Then it 's time she learnt," I said crossly.

" Little Mrs. Simpkins in a white cambric nightdress."

" She is learning, poor dear. But what we want is a few experienced Menders to help the beginners."

" You 're not asking me to take charge of this class, are you ? "

" Of course not, Henrietta. Nobody would ever dream of asking you to take charge of anything. But I noticed a very neat patch on Charles' shirt when he took off his coat to syringe my ears the other day, and I couldn't help thinking what a help you would be."

Charles says he has never known anybody succumb to flattery as quickly as I do, and I promised at once that I would come to the Make and Mend Class the following Tuesday and do all I could to help.

When I arrived outside the Church Institute the buzz of conversation was so loud there might have been a cocktail-party going on inside instead of a Make and Mend Class.

The first thing I saw when I came into the room was little Mrs. Simpkins in a white cambric nightdress. " Now, Henrietta," she said, " you will advise me. If I moved this button," and she placed her finger on a linen button under her chin, " from *here* to *here* "—she moved her finger 2 inches lower—" and cut a V-neck, would it strike a more modern note ? "

" It might," I said, looking with admiration at the nightdress, which was covered with hand embroidery, feather-stitching, French knots, tucks and cambric frills, " but I think it would be a pity to spoil such a lovely museum piece."

" Museum piece—my nightie ? " said little Mrs. Simpkins.

" What I mean is, if you started chopping it about you would quite spoil—well, the Old World charm."

" I 'm so glad you like it, dear," said little Mrs. Simpkins, looking relieved and beginning to undo the five linen buttons down the front. " I had a dozen nightdresses like this in my trousseau. My poor mother considered the material immodest. We had words about it, I remember, but I won the day. Just help me pull this over my head, will you, dear ? Thank you. Hair-nets are so precious these days." Little Mrs. Simpkins, who, I was relieved to find, was fully dressed under her nightdress, settled down with a happy sigh to reinforce the sewing-on of the linen buttons with a complicated buttonhole stitch.

" When I wore these knickers at Monte Carlo," said the Lady from the Hotel, waving a wisp of pink chiffon in the air, " I won three times on zero. They must—they simply *must* be mended or my luck will go."

" Mrs. Browne will help you," said Mrs. Savernack firmly, and the knickers were passed across to me. Little Mrs. Simpkins took one look at them and closed her eyes.

I quite realised that if anybody was going to patch those knickers it would be me, so I said : " I 'm afraid they are not worth mending."

The Lady from the Hotel gave a little scream. " I can't bear it ! " she cried. " Here 's the War nearly over and darling Monte coming nearer every minute, and my Lucky Knickers worn out."

" Couldn't you wear them under another pair ? " somebody suggested.

" I suppose I could," said the Lady from the Hotel.

" They want a button, anyway," said little Mrs. Simpkins coldly, as she passed them back.

" I haven't got a button."

" Here you are," said Mrs. Admiral, and she took one out of a Players cigarette-box labelled " BUTTONS," and passed it across.

" I was wondering," said Mrs. Whinebite, who had just come in, " whether one could dye these white tennis stockings in coffee."

The Admiral's niece, who was making her baby some rompers out of the Admiral's old pyjamas, put down her needle. " Did you really play tennis in white stockings ? " she said, in an awed voice.

" *I* played tennis in black shoes and stockings," said little Mrs. Simpkins, " and a skirt 2 inches from the ground, and a stiff collar and a boater straw hat."

" How do you get the needle through the hole in the bottom ? " wailed the Lady from the Hotel, with a keen look in my direction.

" You just go on trying," said Lady B.

" Henrietta, why are you cutting the sleeves out of Charles' vests ? "

" Because I want something to patch the rest of them with."

" Mrs. Browne is our Doctor's Wife," said Mrs. Savernack, feeling, rightly, I think, that we had not been as affable as might be to the stranger in our midst.

" What, that charming man ? " said the Lady from the Hotel, looking at me in astonishment.

" I 'm going to unpick the Conductor's black trousers and make myself a skirt," said Faith.

" Oh, Faith, how could you ! " we all cried.

" He won't mind," said Faith. This was so true there was nothing else to be said.

" There, that 's done," said the Lady from the Hotel. " And now it 's time for my Bridge. I think I 'll put on my Lucky Knickers for luck," and she went into a corner and proceeded to do so.

" Is she putting them over the pair she has on ? " whispered little Mrs. Simpkins.

" Perhaps she hasn't got a Pair On," whispered Lady B. back again.

" Good-bye, my dears ! " cried the Lady from the Hotel gaily. At the door her knickers fell off. We found the button and I sewed it on for her.

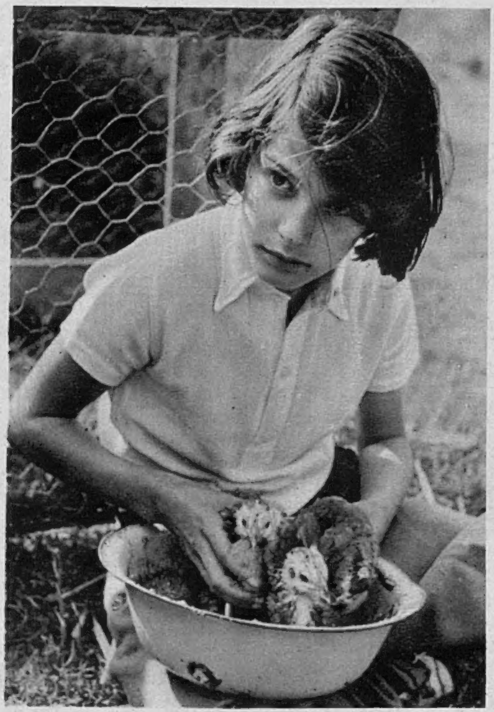
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

" ' I played tennis in black shoes and stockings.' "

" At the door her knickers fell off."

WIFE AND FAMILY OF OUR ALEXANDER THE GREAT.



LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER, wife of General the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander, G.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in Italy, lives at Windsor, but goes up to London daily to carry on her work as a leading member of the W.V.S. Our photographs show her with her daughter, Rose Maureen, and her younger son. Her elder son, Shane William Desmond, is nine years of age. Lady Margaret is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Lucan.

Left: Looking after the hens is part of eleven-year-old ROSE ALEXANDER'S *war effort. These chickens are having their meal in a bowl.*

Picnic tea-party: LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER, *with* ROSE *and four-year-old* BRIAN.

ROSE *has already acquired some skill in First Aid. She is attending to a minor injury to young* BRIAN'S *hand.*

Right: LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER *snatches a few moments to read the all-absorbing news of her husband's victories in Italy. She is a leading member of the W.V.S.*

"Up you go!" ROSE *assists young* BRIAN *to mount his pony. He is already a keen horseman.*

ALL PICTURES OF

These FRENCH WOMEN DRIVERS *of an Ambulance Unit in North Africa were reviewed before starting for service in another field of operations.* CAPTAIN ELIZABETH GROSS *is giving them an address.*

After the christening of CAROLINE BELLA KENNEDY: MME. OLGA PRIMUZ, MR. KENNEDY *and* ALEXANDER, MRS. KENNEDY *and* THE BABY, PRINCESS ROMANOVSKY-PAVLOVSKY, *and* MR. ALAN S. BUTLER.

LADY LOVAT, *wife of Brigadier Lord Lovat, the six-foot Commando leader, who was wounded in France during the invasion, was snapped leaving the hospital where he is lying. She was Miss Rosamond Broughton.*

BRIGADIER - GENERAL MAXWELL TAYLOR *jumped into France with the paratroopers on D-Day. Here he is, in his jeep, looking well, and pleased with things, as he studies a local map.*

MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN, *who runs the Wings' Club for the R.A.F., has presented the second T.A.F. with twelve mobile canteens for use in France.* AIR MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR CONINGHAM *received them on behalf of the T.A.F.*

MAJOR JERRY LAPOINTE, *of Canadian Military H.Q., married* LIEUT. *(Nursing Sister)* J. F. BLAIR, *who is working at a Canadian Overseas Army General Hospital, at St. Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont Street.*

HIGH NEWS CONTENT.

The POLISH PRESIDENT, M. RACZKIEWICZ, *decorated these American officers in recognition of their co-operation with the Polish Forces.* MAJOR STREMLAN *is receiving the Polish Gold Cross of Merit from him.*

Members of the VOLONTAIRES FRANÇAISES, *recruited and trained in London under General de Gaulle for emergency work in the first liberated areas of France, recently returned to their country to assist with reconstruction in Normandy.*

Right: FLT.-LT. BASIL E. P. BONE, *only son of Mr. A. P. Bone, married* MISS VALERIE SNOWDEN, *daughter of Mr. G. N. Snowden, in the Chapel of St. Faith, Westminster Abbey. The bride, a staff nurse trained in St. Thomas's, returns to duty after the honeymoon.*

Left: CAPTAIN THE HON. ARTHUR CAMERON - CORBETT, *Ayrshire Yeomanry, eldest son of Lord and Lady Rowallan, is engaged to* MISS ELEANOR MARY BOYLE, *only daughter of the late Mr. George Boyle and Mrs. Beaumont.*

Here's a little tuition in French going on in Normandy. MLLE. ODETTE BILLY *has taken* MEL WHITE, *of Harlan, Iowa, and* WILLIAM BARRS, *of Dublin, Ga. (r.) in hand, and is giving them a few hints on pronunciation.*

Not quite two-months-old PHYLLIS HARRIS *poses for her first picture with her parents, screen-actress* ALICE FAYE *(Mrs. Harris) and orchestra-leader* PHIL HARRIS. *Her two-year-old sister,* ALICE FAYE HARRIS, *Jnr., completes the group.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE most interesting new film in London is not a new one at all, but a very old one—a revival of Sacha Guitry's "THE CHEAT" at the little Torch Theatre in Knightsbridge. Whether you will want to see "The Cheat," in view of M. Guitry's wartime record, is another matter. This question of the interrelation of art and politics is a tricky business, which every customer must decide according to his own conscience. You may feel that a work of art is totally independent of its author's tenets. Or you may feel that an artist's spiritual attitude must, to some degree, colour his creations. You may continue to admire and derive pleasure from So-and-So's art, and feel sorry he has gone wrong on his principles. Or you may simply dislike the old So-and-So so much for the way he has behaved, that you want neither hide nor hair of his work.

In these days of film revivals, the problem is turning up fairly constantly. The other day, for instance, my exhibitor friend who runs that repertory cinema in North London, came to me for advice. Several customers, he said, had asked for revivals of pre-war Austrian and German films—"Emil and the Detectives," "Liebesmelodie," and especially the Paula Wessely pictures. What should he do? he asked. I warned him, as I felt bound to do, that if he showed them he must expect repercussions.

The re-issue of "PRISON WITHOUT BARS" affords another problem of the same sort. "Prison Without Bars" was, of course, made in England, and a very good film it was, too, with Edna Best and Mary Morris in leading rôles, and a beautiful little sketch from Glynis Johns, who has since blossomed out into one of the finest young actresses on the British screen. But the official star of the film was Corinne Luchaire. Corinne Luchaire was a fetching young French miss, who was brought over here with much brouhaha, to play the part she created in the original French "Prison Sans Barreaux." She made a brief stay in this country, and went home to Paris to become a big star, a *very* big star. Since the war, Miss Luchaire has figured much in the news from Paris, and not in a manner likely to endear her to British audiences. Her father is the editor of an influential collaborationist newspaper. The question, which it is fortunately no part of a critic's job to answer, is—how will Miss Corinne's reputation react on Miss Corinne's film?

Well, to come back to that Sacha Guitry film. If you are prepared to take "The Cheat" as an absolute work of art, uncoloured by its author's ideological attitude, you will find it as sharp, joyous and refreshing a picture as you have seen for seasons. "Le Roman d'un Tricheur"—if you'll allow me to use the title of the original French version, which seems to suggest better than the dogmatic name "The Cheat" the gay, amoral tone of the work—"Le Roman d'un Tricheur" was, at its time, something quite new in film-making.

Many of the devices invented by Sacha Guitry in this film have been imitated since, but they have never been excelled. Guitry came to the cinema late, after a lifetime spent in the theatre, and he brought with him the clear eye and the boundless enthusiasm of the novice. Something of the same kind has since been observed in the case of two young American directors, Preston Sturges and Orson Welles. The Americans had had less theatre experience than Guitry, but it had been intensive enough for them, too, to know what they wanted. All three men were ready to brush aside the traditions of thirty-odd years of cinema, and use the camera, the cast, the microphone and the laboratory to create an entirely new sort of film, something sharply divorced from drama, painting and literature.

"Le Roman d'un Tricheur" is "different," as cagey advertisers love to say, from the very first credit title. Heaven knows, it takes little short of genius to be amusing, or even "different," in a credit title, but M. Guitry manages it. Thereafter the story is told in a first-person narrative, which wanders with a nostalgic relish through the details of a long and ill-spent life, and employs the camera as an impish illustrator. Guitry himself is author, director, and star of the picture, and the thing is scrawled all over with his wayward signature.

There's an odd little documentary that I would recommend to you, if I were quite sure you are not the type who hears a phrase of music in a cinema, goes away bothering about it, and won't be happy till he gets it. The film is "THE TRUE STORY OF LILI MARLENE" (Regal), and it's all about a song, a remarkably catchy but elusive song. I heard it myself some days ago, spent sleepless hours trying to arrange its phrases, got it, by jupiter, down to the last slippery coda, and now I can't get the darned thing out of my head.

"Lili Marlene" is a German song. It is *the* German song that the Eighth Army captured from the Afrika Korps. It is a sentimental little piece about a sentry and a girl who is waiting for him under the lamplight at the barrack gate. It was written by some attic poet in Hamburg in the depressed years after the last war. It was set to music by some Goebbels composer — oompah, oompah, and then a yearning little melody based on the phrase of a trumpet-call—just before the present war. It was sung in a Berlin night-club by a Swedish girl called Lala Andersen, and used as a fill-up record in the first German broadcast from the captured Belgrade radio station.

So popular was the tune and the girl with the German forces, that "Lili Marlene" became the nightly signing-off number from Belgrade. Lala Andersen's deep, husky voice, in this simple, nostalgic little air was broadcast on 500 consecutive nights. The Afrika Korps used to listen to it every evening in the desert. The Eighth Army, on the other side of the lines, listened to it, too. Montgomery's men liked Rommel's tune, and adopted it; changed the beat, translated the words, and made it their own marching tune. They rolled westwards across Africa singing it. They landed in Sicily singing it. Wherever you meet an Eighth Army man now, he'll give you a bit of "Lili Marlene." The song is out of favour to-day as official German propaganda, although occasionally the Nazi foreign service will plug it back again at our invasion troops. The story of the song and its varying fortunes has been made into a choice little film by

THE BEST PLAYS.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Penelope Ward, Joyce Carey, Nicholas Phipps.

*** "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" (*Duke of York's*). 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

*** "UNCLE HARRY" (*Garrick*). Victorian gas-light murder thriller, with Michael Redgrave and Beatrix Lehmann.

** "THE DANCING YEARS" (*Adelphi*). Ivor Novello's romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" (*Palace*). Musical, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (*Globe*). Rattigan's inter-allied complications without tears. Jane Baxter, Ronald Squire, Hugh McDermott.

** "SWEETER AND LOWER" (*Ambassadors*). Second edition of "Sweet and Low" revue: Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall.

** "THE LISBON STORY" (*Hippodrome*). Play with music.

* "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

* "THE LILAC DOMINO" (*His Majesty's*). Revived, with Pat Taylor, Leo Franklyn, Bernard Clifton, Elizabeth French.

* SADLER'S WELLS BALLET (*New*). Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn. Constant Lambert conducts.

* "MEET ME VICTORIA" (*Victoria Palace*). Cockney humour with Lupino Lane.

* "THIS WAS A WOMAN" (*Comedy*). Sonia Dresdel, John Bryning, Nova Pilbeam in effective melodrama.

* "HOW ARE THEY AT HOME?" (*Apollo*). J. B. Priestley's topical comedy. Henry Hewitt, Jennifer Gray, Charles Groves.

* "THE QUAKER GIRL" (*Coliseum*). Celia Lipton, Ivy St. Helier, Billy Milton, Hal Bryan.

* "THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY" (*Savoy*). Frederick Lonsdale revival, with Jack Buchanan, Coral Browne, Athene Seyler, Austen Trevor, Margaret Scudamore.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

" *Knickerbocker Holiday* " *(London Pavilion) is a stage musical screened. Time: 1650; background: New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant* (CHARLES COBURN; *right), the new governor, shows his silver-studded wooden leg to Tina* (CONSTANCE DOWLING), *Tienhoven* (ERNEST COSSART) *and Ulda* (SHELLEY WINTER).

Brom Broeck (NELSON EDDY), *printer confined to jail by the new Governor, receives an unorthodox visit from his fiancée Tina* (CONSTANCE DOWLING), *whose fourteen layers of petticoat have disappeared during the process of wriggling through the bars. The Jailer's* (PERCY KILBRIDE) *puritanical expression shows his thoughts.*

Humphrey Jennings, of the Crown Film Unit. Jennings is the ardent young man who made " The Silent Village " and " Listen to Britain," and he loves and understands music. Not only is he unafraid to give a tune all it 's got, but he has a nice criterion of its value. He knows perfectly well what happens to popular songs like " Lili Marlene," and not the least satisfying part of his film is the ending, which shows London at peace again, and " Lili Marlene " reduced to the ranks of a barrel-organ tune. In his own way, I should say, Mr. Jennings has produced a film that could be compared in its subtlety and gentle cynicism with some of Leonard Merrick's better stories. It is a pity that the exigencies of propaganda, which seemingly can't leave a good thing alone, should have burdened this small, neat film with a commentary that goes oompah, oompah too often and too much.

" *Up in Mabel's Room* " *(Tivoli), Edward Small's popular farce of an earlier generation, has been made into a streamlined screen-play, with Marjorie Reynolds, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer starring. Above, Gary Ainsworth* (DENNIS O'KEEFE) *talking in his sleep, rouses the worst suspicions in Geraldine's* (MARJORIE REYNOLDS) *mind. Below, the dream in which Mabel* (GAIL PATRICK) *appears to Gary in a strange guise.*

A good, honest little film that might have been even better had it stuck boldly to documentary and not tried to introduce a tiny story, is " FOR THOSE IN PERIL." You won't find it in the West End, since it apparently doesn't appeal to those who book for the big, glossy theatres, but it should be somewhere in outer London about the time of this reading.

" For Those in Peril " is a British film about the Air Sea Rescue Service. A young airman, who has been forbidden for health reasons to fly, is posted to an Air Sea Rescue depôt under a dour C.O. His routine job galls him, the kidding of the " real " flyers exasperates him, and he takes a particularly dim view of his commanding officer. But news comes that three men are down in the Channel in a rubber dinghy. The young man finds his values changing as the Rescue Service goes into action. They are shot up by enemy 'planes; they have to engage with a German trawler; they rescue their men, only to find themselves in the heart of a bobbing minefield. In the end—oh, well, you 've obviously guessed the end. The end is another staunch soul gained for democracy.

A large proportion of the material has been photographed at sea. All these scenes are splendidly and excitingly done, and don't need the artifice of fiction to give them point. Much of the dialogue seems stilted, and the acting is probably not the best that England can provide. But then it so seldom is, isn't it?

If you like one of those big, busy musicals, where practically everyone on the company's pay-roll who can sing, or dance, or toot turns up to sing and dance and toot, you can hardly find a better buy than " TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR " (Empire). Actually the two girls and the sailor are incidental to the entertainment in hand. The two girls are orphaned vaudeville sisters, played by newcomers June Allyson and Gloria De Haven. The sailor, played by Van Johnson, is one of those millionaire types encountered, we should have thought, infrequently, in the Navy. He sets the girls up in a munificent floor-show, and they fall in love with him, and if you mind which of the sisters gets him in the end, you 're more considerate than I am, because I don't care a particle.

The point is, that in the course of their professional activities the girls put on a whale of a number of turns, and by the simple rules of mathematical chance, some of them are bound to be good ones. My own favourite is the sequence in which Gracie Allen plays the piano with one finger, supported by Albert Coates and full symphony orchestra. But you may prefer Harry James and his trumpet, or Schnozzle Durante cracking his hotcha jokes; Jose Iturbi, the Pianist with Personality; or Lena Horne, who croons with a voice like dark honey. Or you may have a weakness for Virginia O'Brien, who has sung more songs with less facial movement than any other ten girls in pictures. If so, give my love to her, will you? and tell her to let me know when she 's changed her act.

THESE YANKS *in France, for giving a critical once-over to a pair of stockings found on a P.O.W.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

AND THESE YANKS, *at Cherbourg, for the broad satisfaction on every face at what they found "over there."*

THE YANKS with their pair of stockings found on a German P.O.W. are probably pretty good judges of leg-wear, for nowhere in the world do they make better silk stockings than in the U.S.A.

IN every line of their faces the ELEVEN PILOTS OF THE U.S.A. NINTH AIR FORCE PIONEER MUSTANG GROUP show their zest in their own fruitful performances—127 German 'planes in their bag, and more to come!

SCREEN-STAR MICKEY ROONEY has put his cheerful grin into khaki. He is twenty-two, and steps from the induction station at Fort MacArthur, California, wearing an Army uniform and carrying a duffel bag over his shoulder. "This," said the new private, "is the biggest thing in my life.

ELEVEN MUSTANG PILOTS—*for destroying 127 German 'planes in the air. Anti-clockwise (starting at 5) : Capt. D. Beerbower, Maj. J. Bradley, Capt. G. Eagleston, Capt. R. Stephens, Maj. R. Turner, 1-Lt. E. Hunt, 1-Lt. C. Frantz, Capt. L. Brueland, Capt. F. O'Connor, Capt. R. Goodnight, Capt. W. Emmer.*

THE YANKEE SOLDIERS at Cherbourg get a good deal more pleasure from the cache of bottles of wine they found than did the Germans who had to give them up when they decided that as far as *they* were concerned, live Germans were better than dead heroes, and forthwith surrendered to the Americans.

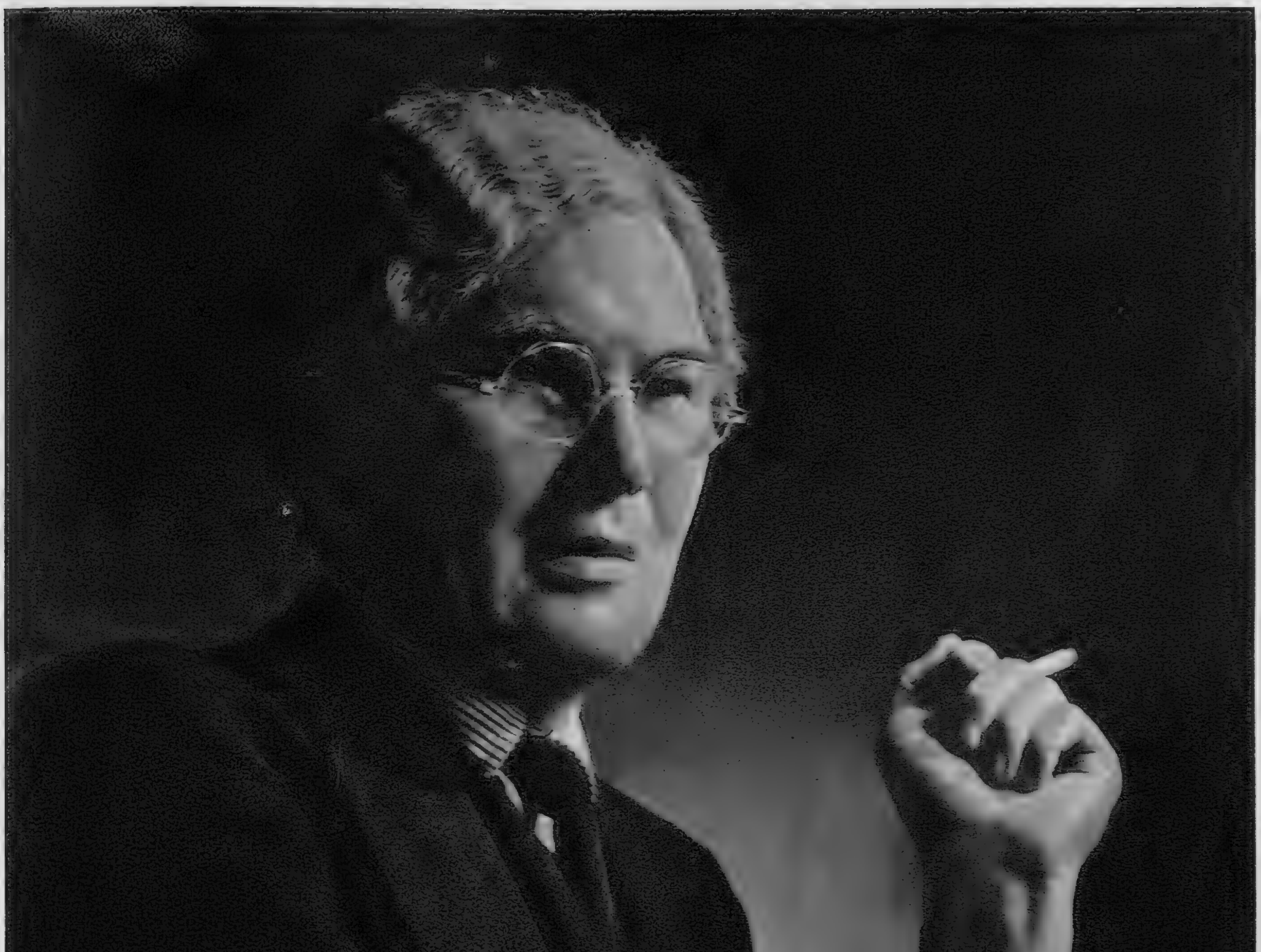
FAMOUS golf champion BOBBY JONES, of Atlanta, Georgia, is seen getting tea in the field in Normandy. Like other stars of sport, he is in the U.S. Army, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

WING COMMANDER E. SWALE, D.F.C. and Bar, is a Group Intelligence Officer of the Second Tactical Air Force. He early trained his son, F/O. DUNCAN SWALE, Mosquito pilot, to follow in his own footsteps, for at the age of fourteen the boy was flying a glider.

PTE. MICKEY ROONEY, *global film-star, for saying entry into the U.S. Army is the biggest thing in his life.*

LT.-COL. BOBBY JONES, *golfer, for taking his tea as he finds it.*

W/CDR. E. SWALE *and* F/O. D. SWALE, *for being father and son under joint control.*



MINISTER AND DEFENDER OF THE M.O.I.

THE RT. HON. BRENDAN BRACKEN, P.C. *has been Minister of Information since 1941, M.P. for North Paddington since 1929. He was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, 1940-41, and is described as a newspaper publisher. In the House of Commons recently he reviewed the work of the M.O.I. in two clear, racy speeches, defending that often-abused institution with impressive conciseness, punctuated by explosions of wit and epigram which held the House. Mr. Bracken is the son of the late Mr. J. K. A. Bracken, of Ardvullen House, Kilmallock, and was educated at Sydney and Sedbergh.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.

WARTIME LIFE AT A FAM

Outside the Library of Somerville College, Oxford. The building was constructed by Basil Champneys in 1903-1904: A.R.P. necessity has dictated the blast walls over the entrance.

During a lecture. Famous daughters of Somerville College include Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., and the distinguished authors Dorothy L. Sayers, Rose Macaulay, Winifred Holtby, and Vera Brittain.

Right: The Somerville undergraduates' war effort includes fire-watching by rota. Here is the brisk and efficient captain of the Trailer Pump Team giving orders.

Peaceful pursuit of learning in a book-lined study; the weekly tutorial. Miss H. Darbishire, M.A., is the Principal of Somerville, second oldest of Oxford's Women's Colleges.

Girls from many of the Allied nations are included among the students. Here one of them is studying a newspaper published over here, in a foreign language.

Discussing work, play and world events with all the enthusiasm of youth. Undergraduates at a cosy tea-party in a College room.

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, Oxford, founded in 1879, a year after Lady Margaret Hall, is the second oldest of the Oxford Women's Colleges. There were twelve students under the first principal, Miss Shaw Lefevre. Under the second Principal, Miss Agnes Maitland (1889-1906), the library was constructed, and the Hall became a College with eighty-six members. Under Dame Emily Penrose, third Principal (1907-1926) women became members of the University and eligible for degrees, and the College, incorporated under Royal Charter, took its proper place in the University. Under the present Principal, Miss H. Darbishire, the East Quadrangle was built, and the building can now accommodate, in peacetime, 150 undergraduates. Our photographs give some idea of the life and work of this famous Women's College as it is carried on to-day, under wartime conditions. It admits only Honours students and has a high academic standing.

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

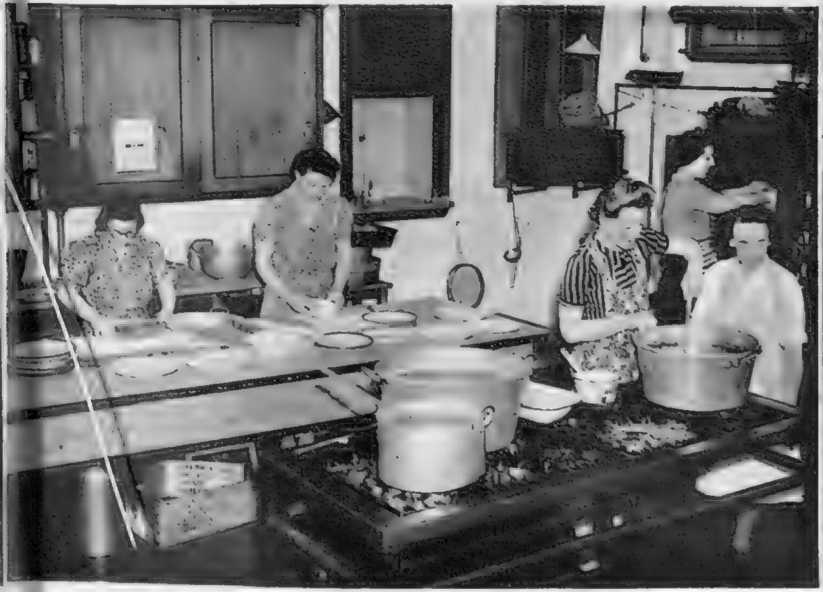
OUS WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

Typical Somerville College undergraduates. The College was founded in 1879 and named after Mrs. Mary Somerville, the Scottish writer and physical scientist.

In the East Quadrangle, built by P. Morley Horder in 1933. This quadrangle takes the place of some old cottages, a porter's lodge and houses along the Woodstock Road.

Sport is not entirely neglected even in wartime at Oxford. This Somerville undergraduate has actually got some balls and a racquet, and is going to play lawn tennis!

Household duties form part of the daily round for Somerville undergraduates so that domestic efficiency may be part of their equipment. A team of two makes quick work of bed-making every morning.



Intelligence does not prevent a girl from having a light hand with pastry. Some of the undergraduates at work in the kitchen of Somerville College.

In the reading-room: a quartette of young wartime undergraduates of Somerville College, Oxford.

Ten-year-old PRINCESS MARGARETHA OF SWEDEN *fastening the swansdown-trimmed woolly coat of her baby sister,* PRINCESS CHRISTINA.

Great-grandchildren of the King of Sweden and of the first Duke of Connaught: PRINCESSES MARGARETHA, BIRGITTA, DESIRÉE *and* CHRISTINA.

NEUTRAL DESCENDANTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

PRINCE GUSTAF ADOLF, eldest grandson of the King of Sweden, and his wife, Princess Sybilla, are both descended from Queen Victoria, he through his mother, who was a daughter of the first Duke of Connaught, and she through the Duke of Edinburgh. Their daughters were born in 1934, 1937, 1938, and 1943.

PRINCESS SYBILLA, *wife of Prince Gustaf Adolf, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, with her eldest and youngest daughters,* MARGARETHA *and* CHRISTINA.

Chickens are not rarities in neutral Sweden: here one has "dropped in" on PRINCESS CHRISTINA *in her "pram" when out taking the air in Haga Park, to the delight of her Royal Highness.*

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL TEDDER, *Allied Air Chief, wears a raincoat; while* GENERAL SIR BERNARD MONTGOMERY *sports his favourite sweater and double-badged beret.*

Here GENERAL MONTGOMERY *is wearing a well-cut British warm; his Chief of Staff "Ops." of the Twenty-first Army Group,* GENERAL SIR FRANCIS DE GUINGAND, *has a woollen scarf loosely tucked into his battle blouse.*

FRONT LINE FASHIONS: HOW OUR GENERALS GET THEMSELVES UP.

Standing with GEN. SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, *very correct in battle-dress, at an Eighth Army H.Q. in Italy, is* GENERAL LEESE, *who is wrapped in a charming sheepskin-lined jacket.*

Battle-dress in three ways. Left: LT.-GEN. CROCKER'S *webbing belt moulds the line of his waist. Centre:* LT.-GEN. SIR M. C. DEMPSEY'S *battle-dress is without frills of any sort; and* LT.-GEN. BUCKNALL *has pleatless pockets, and his blouse worn over the trousers gives a Russian look.*

ON the whole, the general trend of the Allied Army Chiefs is for comfort and informality. General Montgomery easily leads this school with his sweater and two-badged beret which we know so well. Open collars are in the ascendant, and it may well be said that both for appearance and ease, modern battle-dress is far ahead of the tunic and trousers of World War No. 1.

GENERAL MARK CLARK, *Commander of the Allied Fifth Army, is wearing the loose shirt of the American Army. His wide trousers are tucked into half-length riding boots. Pleats are popular with the U.S. soldiers.*

HARROVIANS PREPARE: THE J.T.C. AT WORK

Cadets of the Harrow Junior Training Corps are marching smartly in threes, under instruction for Certificate "A."

The making of accurate marksmen: an Aiming Instruction class under the supervision of Under-Officer P. J. C. Ratcliffe.

Harrovians have left childish things behind, but they must learn to crawl! Sgt. T. N. M. Stephens is showing them how to push the rifle ahead.

VICTORY, we hope, is within measurable distance, but Harrow is taking no chances. Practically every boy in the school belongs to the Junior Training Corps, which, under the command of Major E. F. Housden, teaches them the ABC of efficient soldiering. Knowledge of arms, marching drill, the elementary study of tactics and strategy, military bearing and discipline form part of the training. The Cadets have their own N.C.O.s and officers.

"Company, 'Shun!" Under-Officer P. J. C. Ratcliffe has a fine word of command.

How to take cover and to creep along unseen is a most important part of modern military training.

All parts of the person must be kept down! Cpl. D. N. Richardson's measuring-stick ensures this rule's achievement.

"WILSON": SCREEN BIOGRAPHY OF U.S.A. FIRST WORLD WAR PRESIDENT.

Instigator of World War No. 1: KAISER WILHELM, with the members of his Staff.

When Clemenceau (MARCEL DALIO) demands the Saar Basin for France, Wilson (ALEXANDER KNOX) objects. "You live in America with an ocean on either side," says Clemenceau, "you can afford to be lenient with your enemies!" Sitting between them is Lloyd George (CLIFFORD BROOKE).

One of the many fine characters in this picture is Clemenceau, the "Old Tiger" of France, played by MARCEL DALIO.

CLIFFORD BROOKE, playing the part of Mr. Lloyd George, bears a great resemblance to that volatile Welshman.

SHOOTING on "WILSON," a story covering the last tragic decade in the life of America's First World War President, is now completed. Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck, who says it is the biggest gamble of his career, this Twentieth Century-Fox Technicolor has taken eight months to produce. It heralds a new trend in Hollywood—an approach to picture-making in which meticulous preparation and painstaking research are given emphasis above all else. Every place visited by President Wilson had to be duplicated either in whole or part. Alexander Knox plays the title-rôle, and Geraldine Fitzgerald plays Edith B. Galt, the Washington beauty who became the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. She has forty-seven wardrobe changes. The cast list is huge.

FIGHTING FRENCH FILM: "PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES."

SYDNEY GREENSTREET *plays Major Duval, the French Fascist, in "Passage to Marseilles," new picture due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, July 14.*

CLAUDE RAINS *is Captain Freycinet, gallant French bomber pilot, who tells of the Fighting French Bomber Squadror which he leads in the war of Liberation.*

Captain Malo (VICTOR FRANCEN) *rescues Devil's Island fugitives: Renault* (P. DORN), *Petit* (G. TOBIAS), *Marius* (P. LORRE), *Garou* (H. DANTINE), *and Matrac* (H. BOGART).

The patriotic French, determined to get the ship to England, gain control and reach their goal, but, owing to the treachery of the Fascist wireless operator, they are bombed, and Marius is killed. Petit and Matrac are l. and r.

Fascist Major Duval, anxious to return to France and collaborate with the Germans, realises that Captain Malo has changed course for England. Lieut. Lenoir (CHARLES LATORRE) *is in the centre.*

Matrac, fighting French journalist, convicted on a framed-up charge, was sent to Devil's Island. His wife Paula (MICHELE MORGAN) *learns that a warrant is out for his arrest.*

PAT KIRKWOOD DANCES THE MARJORCA.

PAT KIRKWOOD has been given her first screen starring rôle in Warner Brothers' "FLIGHT FROM FOLLY," now being shot at Teddington. It's a picture with many dramatic scenes, love sequences, and a great, light sophisticated comedy part for her. She stars with Hugh Sinclair and Sydney Howard, and the other players include Jean Gillie, Tamara Desni and A. E. Matthews. Our stills show her in a sequence introducing "The Marjorca," a brand new dance combining ideas and steps based on the rumba and the shamba, which she dances with MAURICE COSTELLO. Pat Kirkwood's first big success was in "Black Velvet," and she made an important impression as Principal Boy in "Humpty-Dumpty" last Christmas. She has also been seen in "Lady Behave" and "Let's Face It."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"HIGH ENDEAVOUR" is the story of Jimmy, one of several brothers who owned a circus, and of the difficulties he met with and overcame in the fulfilment of his ambition to be a pilot in the R.A.F. It is a true story, and, unlike some true stories, it bears the stamp of truth. One never feels that Mr. Edward Seago, Jimmy's friend and biographer, has touched it up. Even the cruel coincidence of two members of the same family being attacked by tetanus is so presented as to convince us that truth is stranger than fiction; even the paradoxical circumstance that Jimmy, a trained acrobat accustomed to wrestle with bears, should be found physically unfit for military service merely serves to increase the impression of Mr. Seago's conscientious veracity.

There is something piquant in the contrast between the romantic goal that Jimmy set himself and the rather prosaic stumbling-blocks that so long stood in his way. The two most serious obstacles were his physical condition and his ignorance of mathematics. Medical board after medical board gave him the same dusty answer; at last he appealed to the highest military medical tribunal, fortifying his letter with a photograph of himself in action in the circus. The suspense that followed the dispatch of this letter will find an echo in many a reader's breast. Touching, too, are the steps Jimmy took to make up for his deficiency in mathematics. Thirty years old, he willingly underwent the mortification of attending a Government school, learning alongside children whose nimbler brains must have made him extremely dissatisfied with his own.

Set-backs. Even when he seemed in a fair way to triumph over fundamental handicaps of health and education, he encountered set-back after set-back. The death of his son from lockjaw was a cruel blow that momentarily took the heart out of him, and it was followed by the strain of his wife's peril from the same complaint. And, unconnected with these outward calamities, he suddenly lost faith in himself and thought he would never make a pilot.

But the story is not altogether, or even mainly, a record of strain and stress, of will-power battling with disappointment. On the sunny side is the almost unvarying helpfulness of the officials to whom Jimmy applied, and who were quick to appreciate the spirit behind his importunity. They respected his individuality, instead of throwing him aside as a clog in the machinery of organisation. That this was partly owing to some charm in his personality Mr. Seago makes sufficiently clear, though he does not say so.

The Circus Background. It is the background of circus life which Mr. Seago knows so well that gives the final touch of individuality to Jimmy's portrait, and differentiates without dividing him from other men. The special independence, the freedom of the road, which he so willingly gave up, still clings to him; it belongs to his past and future and its associations are always with him. No one writes better about circus life than Mr. Seago. His judgment tempers romance with actuality, doing violence to neither. In this he has his skill as an artist to help him; the beautifully reproduced drawings in this beautifully produced book are of the highest quality both of imagination and workmanship; they perfectly express the two realities of war and peace in which the story moves. It is a triumphant story; but perhaps the last impression left is of the humbleness and simplicity of heart in which Jimmy undertook his quest, and with which his biographer (an artist in words, as well as with the brush) has recorded it.

Competing Realities. The idea of writing a novel that shall move on two different planes of reality is a fascinating one. Far from being a literary trick, the conception embodies a universal psychological truth. Everyone lives in his own private fantasy, and at the same time in the outside world, which goes its way heedless of his fantasy. Most people try to impose their fantasy on the world, but few succeed. Poets, painters, philosophers and saints have done it, thereby earning the lasting gratitude of mankind; men of action like Napoleon and Hitler have done it, leaving chaos and destruction in their wake. The rest of us must be content to try to discover a working arrangement between those two irreconcilables, our own vision of reality and other people's.

In the art of presenting these two realities the supreme master is Cervantes. Indeed, he was not satisfied with presenting merely two; for though Sancho Panza's realism is a foil to Don Quixote's romanticism, it is not the reality of the outside world; for Sancho, too, had his illusions no less than Don Quixote, though they were not connected with the righting of wrongs. His private fantasy was centred upon the island of which he was to be governor, a material objective, but just as unrealisable (in the sense he hoped for) as were Don Quixote's ambitions in the moral sphere.

Past and Present. Mr. Peter de Mendelssohn's novel, "The Hours and the Centuries," is an attempt to exhibit simultaneously two modes of reality which are, by definition, almost impossible to think of together: the present and the past. He envisages a town in France long ago abandoned by its inhabitants when the river changed its course. To this fortress city return, in these blessed days of aeroplanes, a number of people, descendants of the original townsmen, and aware of the legends—particularly the legend of a great battle—which grew up with it. So acutely aware of these legends are they, that they begin unconsciously to frame their lives on the model of the past—if model it can be called. Ultimately the original catastrophe repeats itself; the battle is re-fought and blood flows—though even the contestants are scarcely sure if it is the blood of men or of ghosts.

The author tells his strange story with subtlety and imagination, but he has two requirements to satisfy—the demands of the legend and the demands of the contemporary world: and the story has hardly got under way when we realise that the legend is winning, imposing its own reality and crowding out the present. Not only do the characters, fulfilling the legend, seem to behave and think and speak in an arbitrary fashion, but the centuries seem entirely to blot out the hours: we are living in the past, not the present. Indeed, the project of synchronising them was, I think, an impossible one, although Mr. de Mendelssohn's imagination is a persuasive solvent, and we feel that he believes in his idea.

Smothered in Books. First editions are valuable; book-collectors and booksellers are possibly no more scrupulous than other men; and when Mr. Braildon, a tyrant to his family but a slave to his books was discovered dead under a pile of the latter, there were two rather mysterious book-buyers haunting the peaceful vicinage of West Nattering, in Devonshire. Inspector Ellis Mackay, of Scotland Yard, happened to be taking a holiday there with his friend Gilkison, also a bookseller. Ellis at once took up the challenge, and working in close and admiring co-operation with the rustic Inspector Bradstreet, was soon deep in the cross-currents of local family affairs, muddy currents out of which, like a psycho-analyst, he brought some very ill-favoured treasures, exciting to his scientific spirit but nauseating to poor "Bradder," who hated scandal and would have preferred a verdict of Accidental Death. The difference in professional outlook between the two men is very well conveyed, as is the contrast between the bustling, uproarious Ellis (a little reminiscent of Mr. Strong's film director) and the friend whose rather precise notions of speech and conduct he outraged so unmercifully. Ellis's instincts were, it transpires, more valuable than his psychological acumen; all the same, it is the depth-charges that he explodes in the tortured subconscious of Eunice Caunter and the Rattrays that yield the most shuddering results. Like most detective stories, "All Fall Down" fails to fulfil completely its earliest promise, but throughout the author dazzles us with his cleverness, his ear for dialogue and dialect, his insight into the Blue Chambers of the mind.

A Sweet-Toothed Detective. The rationing of sugar has not reduced Mr. Clunk's sugar content, whether of stomach or of speech. From internal evidence it is not easy to fix the exact date of "Slippery Ann," for when the U-boat campaign was so well established, was not sweet-rationing already in force? So that even if Mr. Clunk himself could still suck with reckless self-indulgence, he could hardly provide the same pleasures for his staff unless he used his own points, "which is absurd." It would be a dishonour alike to Mr. Clunk and to his readers should any suspicion arise that he might profit by black-market activities; so it is difficult to understand how he managed. His speech is as rich and unctuous as ever; austerity has laid no blighting hand on that, although there is the proper proportion of gall dropped in with the honey. Quotations from the Clunk hymnology embellish the work, tantalising fragments that raise visions of a Service Sheet. If Mr. Bailey adds no virgin clues to the science of detection, at least he supplies a good puzzle and some bright, if elliptic, dialogue.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

High Endeavour. By Edward Seago. (*Collins*; 12s. 6d.)

The Hours and the Centuries. By Peter de Mendelssohn. (*John Lane*; 10s. 6d.)

All Fall Down. By L. A. G. Strong. (*Collins*; 8s. 6d.)

Slippery Ann. By H. C. Bailey. (*Gollancz*; 8s. 6d.)

THE LONDON GALLERIES.

Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, *Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1.*

Paintings by Official War Artists. Canadian War Paintings. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.*

Paintings and Water-colours by Selected Artists. *Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, W.1.*

Artists of Fame and of Promise, Part I. *Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, W.1.* July 5-August 2.

Early English Water-colours. *Walker Gallery, 118, New Bond Street, W.1.*

Summer Exhibition, French and English Paintings, Drawings, Prints. *Redfern Gallery, 20, Cork St., W.1.*

Indian Art Exhibition, with lectures. *Alpine Club Gallery, 74, South Audley Street, W.1.*

DICKI, THE PERFECT MERMAID.

DICKI, *here posed as a model mermaid (tailless variety!) basking in warm Californian sunshine, is constantly seen adorning magazine covers. She is one of the fifteen lovely Cover Models who have been rounded up from all over the United States by Columbia for its forthcoming great musical production, "Cover Girl," in which lovely Rita Hayworth is the star.*

HUSH! *

By KAYE HUGHES.

THE Sergeant, sheltering under the gun, followed the Lieutenant's glance and grinned. " Funny, ain't it, Sir ? " he said, with his hand to his mouth ; " you gotter be this near *not* getting back, to start thinking o' nothing else but home and the missus and the kids."

" We 'll be all right," the Lieutenant shouted back, without knowing whether he thought so or not.

" Yes, Sir, though I don't say it 's his missus ; he 's been on that letter more 'n two hours already—not counting the time he takes off for that peering at her picture. You married, Sir ? "

" Yes," the officer said taciturnly, though to this man, drawn into his orbit by their close isolation through the tedious hours of waiting, he could have talked easily and naturally of Lily. It wasn't the usual sense of caution that made him reticent. He was thinking if only he could have found a photograph somewhere in his wallet to fix that tantalising impression that, in eluding him, was causing him far more actual distress of mind than the forlornness of the gun-crew's position.

" Eh, a likeness you can take out and remind yourself with, is a great thing to have handy," said the Sergeant, and from that he knew he must have spoken his thought aloud. It was as bad as that, he thought grimly ; one couldn't even hear oneself think unless you uttered the thought. No, you couldn't think ; couldn't deliberately bend your mind to any conscious effort of remembering ; you could only sit there, dazed by the sun and the din, and sense that someone, somewhere in the muddle of your mind, was mocking you.

The Sergeant had begun telling him about his wife and a baby that was expected, but the effort of speech was too much. They grimaced at each other and gave up the attempt at conversation. And the Lieutenant was again at the mercy of that nagging half-memory that by no power of will could he quite materialise.

As the sun climbed, the men huddled closer to the shadow of the gun, and in so approaching they essayed occasional bursts of speech. But question and answer made a curiously unbalanced exchange ; no one knew for sure what his mate had said. They were as lost a company as if they had been adrift at sea on a raft in a storm, or stranded in the wastes of the desert. Behind them thundered the bombardment from the ships ; in front of them seethed the rattle of the artillery ; in the distance was the ceaseless boom of the enemy's defence positions. And the sky, wide open to the full glare of white light, seemed to close down like a sounding-board upon that equally relentless blaze of sound. There was nothing to do but to remain in their hidden position until some change in the tide of war either lifted them on its crest or overwhelmed them.

But the Sergeant was of a loquacious turn of mind, and, like the Lieutenant, he found the class consciousness of the parade-ground draining away in the comradeship of battle. " Did it ever strike you, Sir, the way these Italian women go about their work just the same, as much as they can ? Guess they 'd ask leave to hang out the washing on the guns if they weren't afraid of us moving too fast for them to take it in in time ! "

Italian women, pondered the Lieutenant. And his mind produced a vague type—greasy black hair, gentle brown eyes, the ready, placating smile. He shook his head, rejecting this suggestion. There was a faint uneasiness in his pursuit of the beckoning ghost, and from that he judged that this elusive she must belong to the days before he had attained the rank of an officer and a gentleman. But there had never been anyone except Lil. No one at all he could recall out of the days when he had worked behind the counter of a busy grocery stores in the Edgware Road. Sometimes what in those days he would have called a smart little piece would come into the shop and flirt with him over the choosing of a few rashers of bacon, but mostly they had been the stout, shrewd, Cockney housewives. And after Lily and he were married, he 'd wanted no other. She was as pretty and fresh as the flower, and good, too, so that he need never know the uncertainties that he sometimes saw chase themselves across the faces of his brother-officers when they talked of their wives at home. And yet it wasn't of Lily that he was thinking specially now. Of course, in between, there was her dear, sweet face, clear as any picture could ever make it. But there was someone else ; someone he must reach to him and identify. His failure to do so began to be more than an irritating accompaniment to all the discomforts and anxieties of their position, exposed there on the hill-side, under the ceaseless bludgeoning of noise. He had already examined, and dismissed all the familiar characters of his life. His mother had been sickly and pale ; his sisters were all younger than himself ; and he fancied that his ghost was at once his elder, and at the same time young and robust. The French family who had offered him hospitality in Algiers ?—the friends they had introduced him to ?—but no, it was an English memory, and tinged with that sense of inferiority which made him loathe to speak of Lily in a world she did not share with him. A memory . . . well, then, what did he remember ? Was she lovely ? Had he ever been in love with her ? Was her name Mary, Anne, Sally . . . ? And still nothing came, unless it was a reluctant feeling that she had been someone who had moved him to extremes—to violent love, to deep, bitter, angry hate. He was sure he had never called her by any name.

" Sergeant ! " he called, in what represented a lull—the chorus of guns having lost the support of the ships, pending instructions, no doubt, from some forward observation officer. " Do you think, Bellamy ; do you think in this heat one might—well, see things—hallucinations—all that ? "

" Certainly, Sir ; I should say one was liable to become, shall we say, a little delirious," the Sergeant gave it as his opinion ; and in the strength of his new, grave authority, he ventured to ask : " Of what kind, Mister Lewes ? " And to himself he said, drink, or else women. These upstart subalterns were all of a kind.

" I can't get out of my head the idea of a woman I 've met somewhere, some time—and yet, she 's not in my head, if you see what I mean, she—she—might have just come, like a shadow on that rock-face as the sun moves. I suppose I must have made her up—and yet, you know, I can as good as see her ! "

" Pretty, she 'd be, I guess ! " winked the Sergeant, trying to imagine what this young fool's fancy might be. " Blonde, with those eyes you can't say are they blue or violet. Well, Sir, I hope the—er—hallucination finds her to be as kind as she 's pretty ! "

The Lieutenant laughed. " Bellamy, you old fool ! " he said. " I don't know but she mightn't have grey hair—wispy, anyway," he decided, on a sudden inspiration. " And now don't go off on another tack—it 's not my mother. It 's someone I can't picture, and yet she 's in my brain—I feel if I could just turn round quick enough she 'd be there ! "

This was a little more serious. Bellamy began to wonder about just how powerful this Italian sun was, and to run over his instructions for taking over in an emergency. But he remarked only that women, as a whole, was like that ; you never knew really when you 'd got 'em—or what you 'd got when you had. His bitterness was a little inspired by disappointment that the Lieutenant hadn't unfolded, in the recklessness of the moment, some tale of debauchery in the officers' mess. But he tried again. " What would you say was your opinion of those hereabouts—the Ity women ? "

But before they could search out the possibilities of the subject a new noise was cast into that pit of churning sound where they lay. This time it was the dive-bombers, tearing up the sky over them as the gunfire had seemed to blast the ground under them. Danger suddenly taking shape as well as sound made action, of some kind, and however futile, a necessity. Men scuttered to their positions, went through the familiar actions. The Lieutenant heard himself give the orders that, in this new uproar, were still-born upon his lips. The crew watched his hands, the direction of his eyes, the urgency of his body.

Now at last they were able to throw off for a moment the strait-jacket in which they had all lain bound. The reverberations of their own shooting were sweet as melody to them, adding its calculated energy to that infernal din that swung like a merciless pendulum above them. They were no longer puny slaves to the torment of listening.

The Lieutenant was alert and excited now. He had forgotten his dim wraith of memory, and might never again have made contact with her. But, as chance had it, a splinter in the aftermath, not the assault of an explosion, came quietly to its mark. It was much later, as a relief party were carrying him down the mountain-slope, that he suddenly sat bolt upright on the stretcher and said, in the I 'm-having-no-nonsense tones of the young, but undaunted schoolmarm at the slum school where he had first learned to read and write : " 'Ush now, 'ush, you little brats ! I 'm tellin' yer now, I will 'ave 'ush ! "

Sublimely unaware, the naval guns, the shore batteries, the artillery and the rattle of rifle fire from the P.B.I. continued to compose the hideous cacophony of war.

THE END.

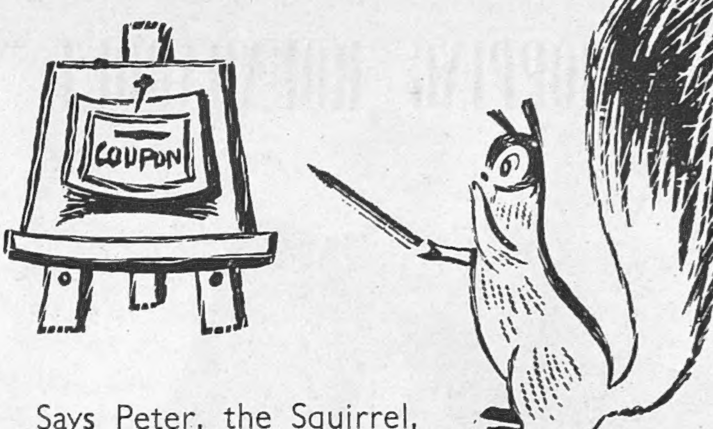
**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

Twomax REAL SCOTCH KNITWEAR

To be well dressed is every Woman's aim—this is easily achieved by wearing Twomax Real Scotch Knitwear.

Obtainable from all good Stores and Department Stores

McCLURE & McINTOSH Ltd., GLASGOW



Says Peter, the Squirrel,
"The lesson is thrift . . .
Wise buying with coupons
Is really a gift!
SELFRIDGES teach it
With wit and good sense,
Making you smarter
And saving expense!"

THE COUPON ADVISORY BUREAU IS ON THE GROUND FLOOR

Until then . . . "Many happy returns" . . . "Congratulations" . . . we'll say it with gay colour and pictures again one day. Until then, greetings telegrams are gone . . . like many other amenities of peace-time living . . . but for Ford cars on essential work there is still the remarkably efficient Ford Service Facilities—and Ford Dealers ready to keep idle cars in good condition. Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET,
LONDON.
W.1.

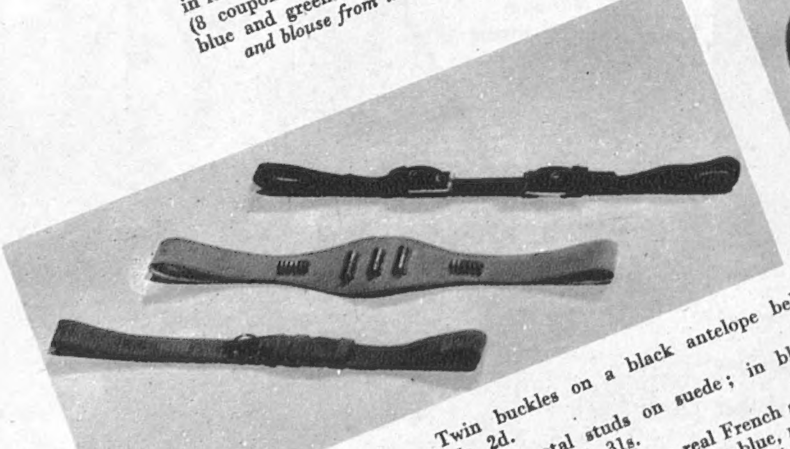
A "Lucille" Blouse in Spot Wool Georgette. White spots on grounds of blue, green, red, petrol and navy.
Stock sizes **73/2**
(6 coupons)
Post orders accepted

SHOPPING ROUNDABOUT

Feminine frills make this an enchanting blouse to wear with town suits. Of rayon crepe in white, pale pink, pale blue, and turquoise. 79s. 9d. (4 coupons.) *From Simpson's, Piccadilly.*

The pinafore dress can have as many variations as you have blouses in your wardrobe. Pure wool, in fawn, turquoise, emerald, black and red. £8 1s. 3d. (8 coupons.) The blouse, also pure wool, in red, blue and green. £2 12s. 4d. (6 coupons.) *Pinafore and blouse from the Jaeger Shop, Selfridge's.*

The casual jacket slips over anything, smartens anything. In camel shade velour, fully lined, £6; in off-white, £7 5s.; in black and in navy, £4 17s. 6d. (12 coupons.) The hat, known as the six-way because of its easy adaptability for town or country wear, costs £2 15s. 0d. *Jacket and hat from Peter Robinson's.*



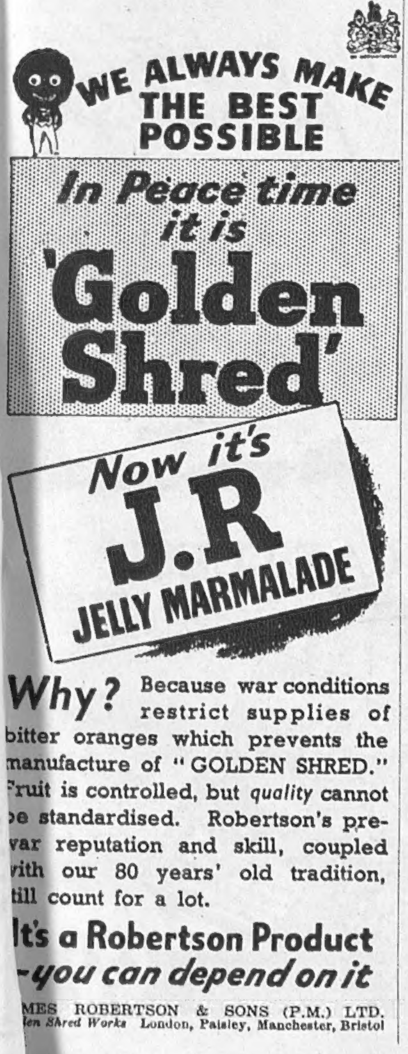
Top: Twin buckles on a black antelope belt, 17s. 2d.

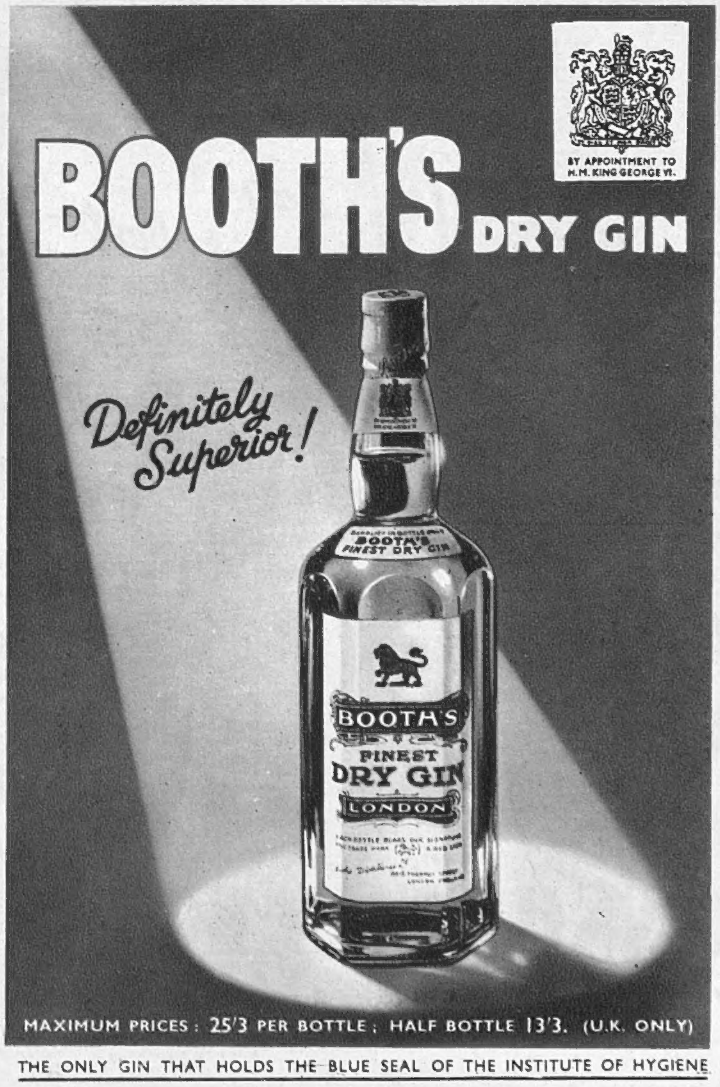
Middle: Oblong metal studs on suede; in black, nigger and red, 31s.

Front: Arrowhead buckling on real French suede; in turquoise, fuchsia, powder-blue, red and emerald, 17s. 11d. *All from Selfridge's.*

Electric WATER HEATING
by
Creda
A tube tucked away in your hot water tank—this is Creda Electric Immersion Heating, from which you get hot water at all taps at all times, whether the kitchen fire is "in or out."
Make a note for your post-war home.
your constant servant
Issued by SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO. LTD., OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM

Equal Shares
Our years of experience in making suits and uniforms for men have enabled us to give to officers in the women's services all the qualities they demand in well-cut tailor-made clothes. Now women officers have an equal share with men in the Austin Reed Service.
AUSTIN REED of Regent Street
LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES • LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789


WE ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST POSSIBLE
In Peace time it is
'Golden Shred'
Now it's
J.R
JELLY MARMALADE
Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but quality cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.
It's a Robertson Product
—you can depend on it
MES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LTD.
len Shred Works London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol


BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.
BOOTH'S DRY GIN
Definitely Superior!
BOOTH'S
FINEST
DRY GIN
LONDON
MAXIMUM PRICES: 25/3 PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 13/3. (U.K. ONLY)
THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

Valstar
"777"
Raincoat
SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN
IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAINCOAT — SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED.
J. MANDLEBERG & Co. LTD
VALSTAR WORKS
SALFORD 6 · Lancs

Once upon a time . . .

. . . we used to go racing. Could any thrill touch that last dash up the straight, when strong men bit cigars to ribbons and resolute women jumped on their lorgnettes? Do you remember? Horses that moved like poetry, with the legs and temperaments of ballerinas. And places. Newmarket. Epsom. Ascot. Goodwood. One day we shall go again to our favourite meetings (in our jet-planes, we suppose), but not before we have had a trial gallop at

MOSS BROS
& CO. LTD.

Naval, Military & R.A.F. & General Outfitters

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King St. & Bedford St., W.C.2

And at Bristol, Manchester, Aldershot, Bournemouth, York

Haig

No finer Whisky goes into any bottle

Lager at its best–

RED TOWER LAGER

The perfect partnership!

VANTELLA
SHIRTS AND
"VAN HEUSEN"
COLLARS
Made to match

Ladies' Shirts

TAILORED BY

BONSOIR

USUALLY FROM ALL LEADING STORES

WILLS's
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES

20 for 2'8

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.